to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete :]

Make known the Gospel truths, one Father king,
Yield up thy grace, dear Father, from above,
Bless us with hearts which feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou are for-ever God of Love?"

Assunge our grief in love for Christ we pray,
Since the bright prince of Heaven and glory die
Took all our sins and halloreed the display,
Infant he-ing, first a man, and then was crucite
Supendous God! the grace and power make know
In Josus' name let all the world rejoice,
Now labor in thy heavenly kingdom own
That blessed kingdom for thy saints the choice,
How vile to come to thee is all our cry,
Enemies of thy-self and all that's thine,
Graceless our will we live for vanity,

Graceless our seif we live for vanity,
Loathing thy being, end in design.
Oh God, thy will be done, from earth to heaven;
Reclining on the Goupel let us live,
In earth from an deliver-ed and forgiven.
Oh! as threelf but teach us to forgive.
Unless it's power temptation doth destroy,
Sure is our fall isso the depths of woe,
Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy
Raissed against herren; in us hope we can flow
O gice us grace and lend us in thy ways;
Shine on as with thy love and give us peace,
Self and this sin that rise against us slay.
Oh grant each day our trespusses may cease,
Forgive our svil deeds that oft we do.
Convince us design of them to our shame,
Help us with heavenly brend, forgice us too,
Recurrent lusts, and see'll adore thy name,
In thy forgice-nees we as sains can die.

MY LANDLADY'S STORY.

their station, how they lived and—"
"Lived? Oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the The Lodgings that Wouldn't Suit. My landlady was a little, spare, neat, Sunday, with potatoes under it; Mon-day, cold; Tuesday, hashed; there may clean-looking old woman, with the kind day, cold; Tuesday, hashed; there may of superficial sharpness of the eye that be a pair of pigeons for the Wedeaks a person whose mind has al-moved within the same small cirgers; Friday, a little mackeril, or, per cle. When, or at what age, she began the business of letting furnished spartjust a little nice lunch of bread and ments, or whether she was born in it. butter and tea made up the week." "Very respectable. I know what a lady is, mister"—here the landlady

was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it as an oyster is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, of the outside world as is that exclusive bivalve. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the "He was nothing but a mystery ove the way. I don't know even as he wer force of circumstances, and then it was the way. I don't know even as he were as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie a young man. He might just as well against the enemy. Her natural foes were the tradespeople, who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved hand; but it was easy to see it was our

ored her the whole day.

It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door and lived in a state of perbage and similar of the tried luxuries. Her house, or at least the parlor floor which I inhabited, bore a conspicuous re semblance to herself, being a little,

spare, nest, clean looking old floor.

It consisted of a sitting-room and What the sge of the furniture may have hedge on the other side of the way. been it was impossible to say or even make anything like a correct guest, but for all practical purposes it was as good when she turned her poor blind eyes in said I. and scrupulously clean, it had never been rubbed in its whole life; that, pos-

my oar, for all his long, lonely, quiet sibly, was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the lady could not refrain from turning her rest, was not in other respects so fortu spasm! But when, at last, she got up been; the pattern might have been the matter of endless controversy; and it at something in the street, he fairly holted from the window, He couldn' exhibited a decided gangway from the stand that, not by no manner of means door to the Areplace. Its din little knowing, poor soul, that the eye that had bewitched him did not carry might be thought somewhat scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor; but half way across the street. then it must be considered that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodger's feet, not for those of the the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged, at doubt met at last?"

wide intervals along the walls. On "You shall hear—you shall hear, the mantle there stood a lion of spar, and flanking him on each side a vare of

driven away out of full sight by the stoneware making up in size what it lacked in besuty, narrow, horrizontal full length of the young lady, I went ners. Well, I was gone ever so long for I was not to be done out of a penny a pound so easily; but in coming home as the young lady was sitting sewing away, I thought I would just pass by They had, indeed, rather a cold, solitary, the other side before walking over, an morning at breakfast time I would fain so, mister, while going by the house, l the dirty maid of all work by asking sight to see! He had retired to the any questions that might come into my head-not for information at all, but sitting, his back to the wall, his two just for the purpose of having some elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had he been staring, for two hours, probably, right across the street un seen and alone, with that young lady before him like a vision, as it were, of his own calling up. As for the meeting took her departure. At length I had of the two-" recourse to the landlady herself, and "Stop, ma'am! Before you come t that describe the young man. tive that I suddenly conceived the wild des of being able to select from her rem-

lodgers had no history to relate. Her

from the political world to the effect that

there was a movement on foot to me-

morialize congress to impose a tax on furnished lodgings. This was a very

exciting subject, and one upon which the little, spare, neat landlady always worked in a great deal of enthusiasm—

indeed, she did not besitate to set the

whole national government at defiance,

if she was took up in such a cause she

would soon let them know they had got

the wrong pig by the ear !"
But since my landlady had not a story,

why not tell it? There was in it a gen

only not mixed. It would be som

thing new at any rate, wouldn't it, to

"The young man, if he were a you man, was a steady, grave, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been al with which I had already resolved to ages from twenty-five to fifty. He work black clothes and a white cravat; his of such periodical as should be so forhat was always smooth and glossy; his unate as to secure the thrilling production-if I could only think of a polished; his hair was brown and combed smooth, and he walked as if he speak. Indeed, I believe she would have no scruple in telling me the story was measuring the pavement with his returned at another, neither a minute of each and every one of her numeron lodgers, from the epoch when things earlier or a minute later; and he in began to settle down after the Norman dulged his poor heart with the young conquest; for it was to some such pe- lady for the same space of time every riod that I referred in my own mind the day. first appearance in her window of "Lodgings to Let." But somehow her

"The what, mister?" "The young lady-I beg pardon." "Oh, she was a nice sort of a person of two or three and twenty : light-hear ed, but quiet in her manner, with a good complexion, pretty enough features taking them all together, and light blue eves with the hazy appearance of short

"There, go on to the meeting." "I'm a coming to it. It was one day hat the Parlor and the young lady were

ont; and the whitefish being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window wondering whatever could have hap nened to keep them out so long, when the clock struck one and I sees my young man, as usual, open his door, lady's window with the tail of his eve walk away down the street so steadil of his way, thinking he was measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in his front, as if for the expres

CANTON MATT. THE

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denouncement? Such was my land-lady's story, and we will get it out of er.
"The lady and her daughter? said she. "Well. I don't know as there is has honorable intentions and means anything in particular to tell about them. They were respectable people and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday;

Emmett L. Ross & Co., Proprietors.

went away."

fixed her eye upon me severely-" and

them were ladies!"
"I have no reason to doubt it at all,"
I replied, feeling her gaze still fixed

upon me; "the young man, of course

window he was reading, where the

young lady was sitting, as I have told

made powerful slow work readin' that

picture I dare say gathered upon his eye, as he could see little else in the

"The young lady, I hope, returned

"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, sir,

ooks was now at an end. The young

ow and then, as if to look, full length

the looks?"

was something like themselves?"

as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage failed him at last and he the bill, "Day School for Young Ladies," as if he had never seen such hing before in all his born days until they had passed sometime. He then after the reference, but as they know set off again, and disappeared without nobody, and were known to nobody, I turning his head." oon for got it. We called the mother

"To be sure it is," said my landlady, the Parlor and the daughter the "and the only meeting they ever had, for that very day the Parlor had a let-Young Lady ; for you see, at that time there was not another young lady in ter from France or Scotland or some the house. Their occupation? As for other place abroad, which made her that, the mother marketed and the give me a week's warning; and at the daughter sewed, sitting in her chair at end of that time they went off and I he window. Sometimes they walked, never saw them more." "And is this your story, madam

cometimes they read, sometimes they chatted. They did nothing esle as I asked I, getting in a downright rage. know of. They lived on their means "I told you from the first, mister, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You replied my spare landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell, and if you be so green, mister, you make me laugh don't choose to hear the end of it you can just let it slone, there!"

"It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interested me, and have so charming a way with you, that really-"

"Well, well. It was eight months nd then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me she had given up all hought of returning to America, as her laughter was now well married and she was going to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about or who it was from, for the young man was gone, too; he went soon after them, into one of the western states; out on the Pacific slope, I believe they call it my own, and the tax that congress was had forgotten all about them. By the end of the year things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two pair back had gone off without paying his rent. The New Year's morning of that year I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what was to be done, and what a different New Year's this was a-going to be from many that I could remember, and, longing for a good, sociable, promptpaying lodger, when all of a sudden a heart leap into my month. Not that it was a loud, long knock—clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock—ra-tatt; it was three knocks; three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them, and I could have sworn she was so short-sighted that she couldn't tell whether it was a house or man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other

> "I hope to gracious you were right," my landlady, "when I felt anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots (French polished), brown steadily at me for some seconds when I ask him how he did, and wish him happy New Year, or something that way, when he just said 'Lodgings?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'please to step in;' and I showed him into the parlor. He looked at everything minutely, but without moving from where he stood at the door; at the table, the chairs, the mantel-piece, the chimney-glass; I am sure noticed that the tail of that lion was tramped for it, I can tell you!)-nothing scaped him; and at last he looked a window, and at the chair the youn

, for we were now evidently coming to the pith of the story, "but they no lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then, turning quietly around, he walked replied my landlady; "but I must first tell you that one day when he had been What do you think of them?"

> him to the door. Wouldn't suit," said he, and so h went away. I was a little put out, you "I'll take my corporal oath of that,

either, sir," said my landlady, "for could not help feeling sorry for him But yet I own, when at the very same hour the first day of the next ye-

New Year's, next year !" "On the very day, hour, minute, second, the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: 'Wouldn'

suit!' The next year"—
"My dear madam! how lo "Well- a matter of twenty years, I was glad it was no worse, for a misgiving had come over me, and my im-

agination was losing itself in the distance of the past, "The next year," continued my landvisits of inspection his stay was always of the same length of time to a minute and when he went away I found-for

did watch him once-he went straigh the young man's appearance. But he changed, but his face was like granite stone. His pace became slower; but look and get back to the depot for the

keep him stiff and upright; and he still looked as if he was a-measuring the pavement, only taking more pains about I caunot think what it was that made

rpose of meeting him, but our two me care so much about that old young ladies! I declare it put me in mind of man, for I never in my life exchange the appointments in the papers, for the more words with him than you have sake of matrimony, with somebody as beard. But once when the clock was fast, and he hadn't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair and growing so nervous I felt as if I should fly, and when the knock came I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well nigh a score stopped at a window, and stared in at of years accustomed to each other. Earlier I was sometimes cross; that was when we hardly had any lodgers, and the parlor never would suit. But it was all one to him. He didn't mind me a pin-not even when, being in a

particularly good humor, I asked him to stay and share my not very sumptuous dinner. He just looks as usual, as if there was nobody in the world but of repeating the invitation and pointing to the young ladie's chair; but it that I kept it down. He grew more and more infirm until, at last, one New Year's he came and went in a carriage, although he would not make use of the coachee's arm either in getting in or out. I had a sore heart and dim eye

"The next year, you may be sure. was at my post as usual; but when he came near the house, I was so figety and nervous that I could not sit down. but kept going from the parler window to the door, and looking at the clock.

looking arter him.

"The clock struck and there was no snock. Poor old young man! In ten knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlor-slow and desolate like. The girl was out; we had hardly any lodgers; things were very blue indeed; sore cast down. But business is business, and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never got any other kind?

"This time it was from a country at torney, telling me of that death and a clause in the will leaving two thousand dollars to me, for my trouble in showtell you I was took all of a heap. The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man-the young lady—the meeting he couldn't stand the visits to the parlor where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him-the grave face—the sinking limbs—the whitening hair-the empty lcdgingsthe money. I was alone in the house; felt alone in the world; and straightway I throws the letter down on the table, and plumps me down in a chair,

and burst out a crying and a sobbing." Here my landlady stopped, and here ads a tale that wants nothing but insident, plot, character, coloring, a be- the co ntry .- St. Louis Republican. ginning, a middle and an end, to be The Style at Washington Weddings. rather more than of the common run. The reader may write the history of the young man in volumes, may complicate 'lodgings t hat wouldn't suit.'

Lucy Hooper, writing of Paris fash ions, says that they are taking a new and attractive departure. Trimmings have had their day, and flounces, pleatngs, puffs and loopings are virtually efunct issues. Long, plain trains, requiring no end of material, and rich, heavy stuffs are the grande mode. In trimmings jet is out of vogue entirely. Fur bands are worn extremely wide, and feather bands are very much the fashion. The great novelty is a band of bird's down in different colors, in which, at equal distances, a small hollow is formed to simulate a nest, in each of which the head of a bird is placed The aim of dress now is to show off the igure as much as possible. The closetting cuirass cursage and apron tunic have been supplemented by the cuirass asked rather anxiously, as I followed ess polonaise composed of steel or jet close and smooth to the wearer's figure A woman with a beautiful figure, at tired in these later styles, is delightful to look upon. Evening dresses are worn with corsages cut extremely long in front and excessively low. Bonnets are growing larger and larger, and are trimmed with ostrich-feather trimming. or else with two ostrich feathers cross over each other, a silk scarf around the crown, and behind a large bow falling

n the catogan braid. While the celebrated traveler, M. Marcoy, was exploring the tributaries of the Amazon, he found in the Nuna lake, near the mouth of the Ucagali river, a gigantic species of the Nymphea, which he concluded to belong to the same genus as the Nymphea Victoria. The surface of the lake was, in places, covered with the immense leaves ady, and the next, and the next, and and magnificent flowers of this buge the next, and the next, was as like as water-lily. The leaves, of a brownish could be. Sometimes the parlor was green tint, lay like broad carpets on the lit; but it was always just the same; water, a multitude of plovers, ibises, he would see it, 'as it might do for an- spoonbills, Brazilian ostriches, and other time;' and the lodgers being out other tropical birds, were running over he did see it, and still it 'wouldn't suit.' them without as y danger of being sub-At last one New Year's I happened t merged. The outer petals of the flowbe out myself, not thinking it was the ers were of a milky whiteness, and the young man's hour, and my! as the inner ones of a dull red with violet thought struck me when coming home, spots. The weight of a single leaf it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I which the discoverer secured was fourhadn't done right. But it was of no teen and a half pounds, and its circumconsequence to him; he only stared ference was twenty-four feet nine inches. twice as long when the door opened and The flower, which measured four feet he saw a strange face. But he went in two inches in circumfrence, weighed all the same, looked at everything, as hree and a half pounds. Its outer usual-'wouldn't suit!' At all these petals were nine inches in length. A bud weighed two and a quarter pounds. The stout stems of the flower and bud were covered with hairs three or four inches in length. The leaf stalks were as large as a ship's cable, and resisted the combined efforts of several men to detach them from their anchorage at the bottom of the water. They had to be severed with a woodman's axe. The veins of the leaf, which was perfectly smooth on its upper surface, were an for that, he only came the sooner, so inch in diameter and bristling with day breaks—the birds begin to sing that he might have the same time to prickles. This giant plant abounds in The king is the sun, and his counting various waters in the region of the

Amazons -its interlacing stems often

forming an effectual barrier to the prorosy figure drawn, who rises before th The particular blackbird who so tragi-cally ends the tale by snipping off her nose is the hour of sunshine," dog observe his tail and wait for the

THE RATE OF INTEREST.

Money Lenders.

The usual rate of interest in the west ten per cent., and it is generally beof the value of money. If the measure will bring, this is true; but if the true neasure of value is what the article can be made to yield, it is not true. Experienced capitalists and business men give it as their mature opinion that there is no kind of property as profitable as money loaned at ten per cent.which is tantamount to saying that the average yield of industries, enterprises and speculations is less than ten per cent, on the amount invested, or in other words, that money is not really worth ten per cent, There are several considerations that strengthen this condusion. Money loaned at ten per cent. will double itself in seven and a half twisted and wound about her head, and years; ten thousand dollars will grow into twenty thousand in that time, and twenty thousand will grow into forty was of pure white muslin, with a scarlet not do this is too well known to need a demonstration. While a hundred men she had come to spend a few weeks at who loan money at ten per cent, com- the summer cottage of her friend Mrs. pounded, will, with prudent manage- Paget-partly on the score of friendment, double their fortunes in seven ship, partly to get her roses and vitality and a half years, one hundred men who for the next Savannah sesson. orrow money at that rate will fall, in spite of all the prudence and foresight Dians, listlessly interested in a great far from it, fifty of them, if not more, will break. There is nothing more dazzling horiz clearly established by the experience of siness than the fact that a man who ly perceptible cloud on her serene face onducts his enterprises on borrowed resources, are the products of bills drawn on his shipments will, in four cases out of five, come to bankruptcy, back long ago. I expect her every minand a farmer who mortgages his farm ute." for half its value to secure money at ten per cent, in hope that its net yield will Hall asked, not that she particularly pay the interest and principal, will, in four cases out of five be sold out These plain and well known facts aping the lodgings that wouldn't suit. I pear to prove that the average annual product of money invested in commerce, speculation, industry and agriculture is not ten per cent., and that, while it may bring that price, it is really not worth it. If all classes of borrowers in the west could be brought

eight, the supply of suitable and avail-

able young men would be exhausted it eight more were necessary as grooms

dresses are not marred by the inter-

mingling of black coats. Gentleme

ought to rejoice that they do not have

to go through the trying ordeal of kneel

ing around a chancel in full view of

hundreds of eager, curious eyes behind

them; girls who attend a wedding just

loating drapery of the bridesmaids ap-

pears to even greater advantage when

tures, but the men look ridiculous with

their cost-tails touching the stens and

the soles of their boots turned upwards.

At a glance the observers can easily tell

number worn. So groomsmen are things

the bride. The ushers, after seating

Reproduction of Old Thoughts.

an mind, with all its restless activity,

were destined to revolve in an endless

circle. Its progress is marked by many

derstands far more clearly the facts that

lie along the line of its route, and the

modes or laws under which these facts

lways returns upon itself. Nature and

and the powers of nature are brought

more under human control; but the

ources of nature and life, and thought-

all the ultimate problems of being-

never become more closely intelligible

Not only so, but the last efforts of ha

rom the throne of modern science

tion ought to be-repeats the thoughts

last guesses of the modern scientific

nre." thus applies to this work the law

of the interpretation of myths :- "Ob-

that holds them is the underlying earth.

true a touch of nature it is, when the

jucen is the moon, and her transparent

covered with the over-arching sky

of Democritus and Epicurus, as

which the chair of the British

t began; and men of the

changes and discoveries : it sees and un-

enter, and take side seats .- Washing

those boots are old or new, and the

the fair wearers kneel in graceful pos

or the sake of the scenic effect.

to appreciate this important fact, it would be worth millions to this region. There is a world of financial philosophy pair of fine eves." in it. Nothing is more absurd, and, in the long run, more disastrous than the 'Dear me !" said Miss Diana, archdelusion that a man can get rich by borrowing money to speculate on; it is "I don't know," said Mrs. Paget, in

bankruptcy that occur in business and of the sheriff's sales that take place in the country of the sheriff's sales that take place in the country of the sheriff's sales that take place in point blank, the other description of the sheriff's sales that take place in point blank, the other description of the sales that take place in point blank, the other description of the sales and the sales are sales as the sales are sales are sales as the sales are sales are sales as the sales are sales pose I was under a spell,' said he 'The fact is, mother, I am little disappointed in Emily. But I'm married, The English fashion has become uniand the ceremony can't very well be versal in Washington in conducting weddings. Groomsmen are done away

marry them all if so desired, but he with, and ushers take their places. As brunette. "Tom was always buying even when we were children together.' "Just like Tom," echoed Mrs. Paget bitterly. "But, unfortunately, men. Besides the effect around the toy can't be thrown away." chancel is finer, if the girls' pretty "But you say Tom has

> can't," said Mrs. Paget. "As my daughter-in-law. I am bound to give her the shelter of my home and-but what was that rustling sound? Miss Diana turned her head. "Only he muslin drapery inside—the

t was the rustling of a woman's dress s Mrs. Thomas Paget, who had heard the entire dialogue, hurried from the room, her hands tightly clasped over her eyes, her teeth unconsc For Emily Paget was only sixteen

to stand by the groom until he received the guests, walk up the aisles of which they have charge, after the bridal party Nothing is more strange than the inessant reproduction of old thoughts inder the guise of new and advanced rent of passionate tears and sobs. opinions. It would seem as if the hu-

acknowledged to herself that it was all true. She had been an uneducated country-girl when Tom Paget, shooting down at the New Jersey marshes, had chanced to come across her uncle's farm, and asked temporary lodgings occur; but this route in its higher levels at least-and married her. And for brief while she had dwelt in Arcadia ell its secrets become better known, She could not die-would to Good

that she might! She could not vanish into the ground and become as naught But of one thing she was quite certain she would never be a blemish in the eyes of Tom Paget again. And the warst of it all was that she loved him still.

man reasoning on these subjects are even as the first. Differing in form, and even sometimes not greatly in form they are in substance the same. Bold as the course of scientific adventure has eemed for a time, it ends very much s peculation as did their forefathers sands of years before. No philoso phy of theism can be said to have adanced beyond the Book of Job; and Prof. Tyndall, addressing the world

"I do not think Tom

Mr. Tyler, in his "Primitive Calviously, the four and twenty blackbirds

are four and twenty hours, and the pie 'As frequently, no doubt, as you care to hear from me," said Emily, not without an accent of bitterness in her

"I don's wonder," said Miss

with a ourl of the upper lip, seems a perfect Goth!"

TOM PAGET'S WIFE.

The sun had just gone down below the level, glittering breast of the great ocean. The short drive at Long Branch was all alive with glittering carriager dainty pony phætons, and equestrians porch of the pretty little gothic cottage that faced the ses, Mrs. Pierre Paget watched the gay throng of fashion with a calmly contemplative eye.

She was a pretty widow, with hair just beginning to show silver gleams beneath its covering of Nile-green rib-bon and Machlin lace—a white-handed, soft-voiced widow, who wore softly rustling silks and great solitaire dianonds in her ears, like drons of glitter ing water, and always spoke in languid. oo much trouble to raise her voice.

Just opposite her lounged a brilliant dark-eyed girl, with shining jet tresses pierced here and there with the blade housand. That the average investments silk scarf, looped with careless grace over its billowy breadths.

Diana Hall was a southern belle—and

"So Tom is married?" said Mis-

bey may exercise, to double theirs. So ocean steamer, whose black trail of smoke could just be seen against the "Yes," said Mrs. Paget, with a scarce

> " His wife is here." "Here with you?" "Yes. She went for a long drive this morning, and she ought to have been

"What sort of a girl is she?" Miss cared, but it was de regle to show some

"Do you want me to tell you truth. Dians ?" "Of course, I do," .

" Well, she's Tom's wife, but she's s tall, awkward, raw-boned creature, entirely without the element of style, ignorant of the commonest accomplish ments, with absolutely nothing to recommend her but a contralto voice and a

ing her black eyebrows. "What could

"Just like Tom." said the pretty

ribbon fastening has given away."

and these revelations came like a thun derclap. Many a time in the brief weeks of her wedded life had she bad her doubts and fears, but never any thing to compare with this. Tom was shamed of her! Tom was tired of her? And Emily, who with all her drawbacks, had a true woman's heart threw herself on the low, chintz-draped sofa in her room, and burst into a to And yet it was all true enough. She

No one but God ever knew what the poor girl suffered as the purple twilight faded into dusk, and the stars shone out sea. But her mind was made up at last, "Mrs. Paget," she said, next morn ing at the breakfast-table-she could utter the sweet word "mother" no more—"will you grant me a favor Will you let me go home for awhile?" Mrs. Paget hesitated and played with her crested chocolate spoon.

stay here!" the girl interrupted. "Homesick, ch?" said Mrs. Paget with a little soft laugh that sounded

"You will be sure to write frequen

afterwards to Diana Hall. "We can have Sylvia Dare here now for the masquerade hop at the Continental. And I

But Emily Paget did not go home Her uncle and aunt, hard-working folk imagined that she had married into sphere which was all rose-leaves and unshine, and she had not the heart to "I'll go to some boarding

she said to herself. "I'll study bard -not only books and the keyboard of the piano, but manner and style. I'll make a study of the most lady-like girl in school. I'll accomplish myself so that no hauty minion of fashion shall look down upon me again as that Diana Hall did! Tom has given me lots of noney: he was always generous enough as far as money went, and I shall be able to manage things as I choose!"

An occasional letter posted from the arm, kept Mrs. Paget advised that her aughter-in-law was alive and well, and or more than that, the fashionable widow cared little. She wrote back per-fumed billets which Emily did not take he trouble to open.

"I'm so glad she's contented to stay way," said Mrs. Paget, "It's such an easurable relief to me!"

Thomas Paget staved in Europe years. When he returned, he was older -perhaps wiser-than on the outwardbound voyage.
"Well, mother," said he, "where's

Emily ?" "In Jersey, I suppose. She has pent-ahem-s great deal of her time here since you went away, and as we

"All right," said Tom, with a yan. "I suppose I must go there and get her, one of these days. By the way, mother, who is that magnificent girl staying at the San Pietro, with the Ponsonbys? caught a glimpse at her as she came

"That Miss Wilde? Yes, I have "She is a royal beauty !"

"So they tell me, and her manner odel. She sings too like a nightingale. Mrs. Vane is going to ask her to assist in her ameteur morning concerts, and I'm told she is the best waltze the Branch.

"I must be introduced to her," said Tom, eagerly. "Then," observed Tom, "I'll do the the agreeable to Kate Clifford, if she is little in the old maid line. For I

must know that beauty with the bewildering eyes and the hair-like burnished "Fie, Tom! What would Emily Tom Paget twitched at his long mus

early to know my own mind. I was a period of their lives," said Mrs. Paget, caustically. "But you're married now,

Tom, and you have only to make the young man. "But all this needn't stand in the way of my admiring a pretty girl when I see her.

"It's dangerous, Tom," "I don't care a copper if it is!" eturned, impatiently. now on the sands walking with Miss in two with a cross-cut saw and the Ponsonby and Kate Clifford. I can see the outline of her superh figure in the

And he sprang across the thresh the low French window and hurried down to the esplanade. He gained th point; he got an introduction to the reigning beauty, as yet, of the seaso "You tremble, Miss Wilde," he said, she accepted his proffered arm, leaving the other two to walk behind. "You

are cold. Allow me to get you a shawl," "Thanks-no; I am not cold." Something in the tones of her vo thrilled electricity through Surely, surely he had heard that deep, rich voice somewhere before.
"Miss Wilde—" he began in

ating, uncertain sort of way. opped him with a motion of the hand Let me correct you Mr. Paget. not Miss Wilde. My name is Mrs

Tom dropped her arm, staring and "Mrs.-Paget !" "Tom, have you forgotten Emily oh, Tom, I meant to keep up the mas while longer, but I can't-I can't.

m your own Emily." So they met again, the husband an vife, after five years of separation; and Emily's innocent little strategy was unerbly successful. Tom fell in love with her, as it were, a second time And Mrs. Paget is immensely proud of My daughter-in-law."

And with reason. For Emily ost beautiful and fashionable t Long Branch. "Only a proof," she says. woman's will can do.

Postal Statistics. The senate sub-committee

work on the subject of postal deficien ies, and the following figures are given The states which report an excess of eccipts over the expenditures are: New Hampshire, \$41,439.59; Massachusetts, \$616,778.74; Rhode Island \$11,865.79; Connecticut, \$189,811.33 New York, \$1,121,468,98; New Jersey, \$47,573.05; Pennsylvania, \$431,650.62 all the rest of the states show that their xpenditures are in excess of their reeipts. Texas and California show the largest deficiencies, they being as follows : Texas, \$5,24,854.01 ; California, \$504,178.76. Next come, on the losing side, Missouri, Utah, New Mexico, Illi nois, Nebraska, Ohio, Kansas and Min and most of them \$300,000. The district shows a deficiency of \$73 309.62, The total deficiency is \$7,309,845,59; total in excess, \$2,560,557.90. From this exhibit it will be seen that in the New England states, where there is a dense population, postal service more than pays for itself; whereas, in other tled, the post office department

whether her busband feared God, and replied : "I guess he does, for he never zoes out on Sundays without his gun

NUMBER 29.

Charge of a Detroit Judge. A NEW YEAR'S CALLER. John Robinson made New Year's calls. He called on a saloon-keeper, he called for liquor, called the liquor good, and drank enough to trip him up. Then he called for police, and when the police

came he called them liars and such.

"I was having a little fun," he explained, winking at his honor. "John Robinson, are you aware this is a very solemn world," said the court, "a world which has ten heartaches to one smile? Don't you know that the grim shadow of grief rests upon every doorstep, and that the tombstones in the cemeteries almost outnum ber the trees in the forest? There's wailing in every household, John Rob

having a little fun?" "That's all, your honor-it was

And yet you claim that you were only

"It was sad fun, John Robinso While all the rest of us were swearing off and making double-back-action resolves while you were lying at the corner of an alley dead drunk. It is five dollars or sixty days, sir, and if this case was before a Chicago police judge he'd make it five hundred dollars or a

thony Hock as he was brought out, "You've decided to quit, eh?"

"Yes, your honor-yesterday was my cost, and I've made up my mind to live

"Anthony Hock, you talk like a man It does me good to hear a man speak up that way in this day and age. It's like finding a ten-dollar bill while one is heard of her, but I've only been here a sunday boots. Stand right up to your week yet. The season is early for Long resolution, sir. I've been figuring a doesn't mind it after a while, but at footed, steal his wood, get trusted for his provisions, cheat the landlord out of his rent, stand up in church to save pew-rent and live economically in other respects, he can save at least \$500 per year. Now then, \$500 per year for 400 years is \$200,000. Just think of that! Without any effort to speak of you can in time be worth \$200,000. You may go home, sir !"

PIRST JOKE.
Elizabeth McNamara, a woman fifty years old, got off the first joke of the season when she walked out and announced that it was her first appearance here. Bijah laughed until his spec tacles fell off, the clerk grinned like a copper mine, and his honor stopped paring his apple, stuck his knife into the deak, and replied:

"Elizabeth McNamara, the sight of that 'ere front door is not more familiar to me than the fact that you have been

stulated, pleaded and threatened. and yet you come back here," he said, I was thinking the other day that if I freckled nose again, and the charge is was drunkenness, I'd have you sawed pieces split up for kindling-wood!"

"I shall make it three months, "I don't care-only don't saw me twice!" she gasped.

"Well." he said, after pondering ver the case, " we've been to \$10 ex ense to get the saw, and Bijah has nticipated great fun, but I'll see what three months will do. Go back and sit down on the stove-hearth until the Black Maria goes up." COULDN'T STAND IT.

e handed out the last man, "and I can tell you why he was drunk." "Well,"
"Casey wasn't sober!"

His honor regarded him for a long time without speaking, but finally said: "The prisoner can go, and, Bijab, if yon ever sit down on this court with other pun like that, and are accidently shot next day, your friends musn't ask me for money to help buy a

Raising Tobacco in the South.

In many portions of the South, befor he war, very much of the tobacco used mong the farmers was grown upon their farms and plantations. In Missis sippi, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas and Lonisiana, there was considerable tobacco grown but a few years ago. Now there is but little at tention paid to growing this important crop. The cons mer confines himself o a better or finer cultivated and man factured article. The old "home twist" is hardly to be seen, where a few years ago little other was to be had. The poorer classes, with colored population, since the settlement among them of the northern element, have received very luxurious notions in their drinking, smoking, and chewing habits. The fines whisky or brandy is sought after, while nolasses" are fast going out of use. Fine smoking brands of tobacco are now in use, as well as the most popular plug and fine cuts. Those who should be the producers are consumers of the very article they could grow more cheaply than others. How much like nonse it looks for Connecticut, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennes see to raise tobacco for the south and large export trade! The idea that cotton had ceased to be

king in the south was a most absurd and premature one. That more corn is grown, we do not deny, but not to the derable extent we have been led to believe by the reports of those who desired to make it a corn-producing coun-

eason, in growing tobacco of the ous varieties, to test their adaptability to that soil and climate. The greater part of these tests have been made in porthern and central counties of the state, where the Missouri and Ohio population has settled. With a protracted drouth and an early frost, still the result to the planters has been the most satisfactory. Texas will become one of our most excellent tobacco state

No proof of publication of legal advertise nents will be made until our fee is settled.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Announcing candidates for state and district offices, \$15; and for county offices, \$10. Marriages and deaths published free. Objur-aries charged as advertisements. SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

New York letter-carriers now deliver

CENTER of gravity-a Quaker meet Sixry nations now fill their lamps and kindle their fires with the non-

explosive kind. Germany used more than 52,000,000 gallons last year. THE California highwayman still robs stage-coaches and breaks female hearts. He wears a slouched hat, short cloak, red shirt, heavy moustanhe, a lock of lady's hair next his heart, and has

A DAKOTA miss of thirteen, and as pretty as a girl of that immature age can be, recently eloped with a wild In-dian boy about nineteen years old. n-there's grief in every heart. When last seen the couple were flying across the prairie on a pony with their

faces toward the setting sun. BRITISH parson and commercial travin?" etc. Parson answers with a faint joke, that he is "in the spiritual line." "Hs, ha," says the other, "blessed if I didn't think so. But, I say, what a

-price you have got gin up to.' THE English postoffice pays. The receipts for 1873 amounted to \$2,630,-000, the expenditure at the same time was \$18,965,000, leaving a surplus of no less than \$7,775,000. There are 42,000 persons employed in the department, of whom many are women, this number including 12,500 postmasters, 9 000 clerks, and about 20,000 sorters,

A YOKOHAMA correspondent say European ladies, elegantly dressed in full evening costume, on their way to pawing over the clothes-basket to discover where the hired girl flung his was the tattooing on their backs and little, and I find that if a man will stop first it seems very odd. So it did to drinking liquor, tea and coffee, go bare- see a naked coolie operating a sewing

THE kind of whisky they have in 'Frisco: "After that the cloth was took off, and the liquors war bro't in. And wot liquors they wuz, too! The whisky wur none o' this yer kind that makes a man feel like sayin': 'I kin lick any son of a gun in the house,' and makes him smash things ginerally. No, sir. It war the kind that jist makes a man lift his glass gintly, and says: 'Joe, oll pard, I'm lookin' at yer.'"

TRUE HOSPITALITY of the home is never loudly and noisily demonstrative. It never overwhelms you with its greeting, though you have not a doubt of its perfect sincerity. You are not disturbed by the creaking of the domestic machinery, suddenly driven at unwonted speed for your accommodation. Quietly it does its work, that it may put you in peacable possession of its results. He is not the true host, she is here somewhere in the region of forty times. What's the charge, this time?" to and fro with hurried action, and "Taken a drap-a bit of a little flurried manner, and heated counteyour coming with quiet dignity and noiseless painstaking; who never obever peered over the deek at your all the while; who makes you, in one word-the most expressive word in the English torque-to be at home. There

> FARMERS and dairymen have from time immemorial imagined they knew a cattle disease called "horn ail" or "hollow-horn." Prof. Cressy now tells them it is an old wives' fable. The professor has cut open innumerable horns and found them all hollow. He tells the cow-doctors there is no such disease as "hollow-horn." The cure practiced is to bore into the horn and inject some remedy. This is generally followed by pleeding at the nose, which is support to be a symptom of the disease and a sign that the remedy is becoming effective. The professor proves by cattle skulls that the nasal passages are normally connected with the hollows in the horns, and this accounts for the boring and the internal application of the remedy. Horned cattle generally will be glad to hear that the surgery the gimlet is not necessary to their

> through life without being horribly Men We Don't Want to Meet. The man who grunts and gasps as he obbles up the soup, and at every other

health, as scarcely any of them ever got

outhful seems threatened with s boking fit. The man whe, having by an accident been thrown once in your company, makes bold to brawl your name out and to shake your hand profusely when

you pass him in the street. The man who artfully provokes you o play a game of billards with him, nd, though he feigns to be a novice. produces his own chalk. The man who can't sit at your table

on any set occasion without getting on his legs to propose some stupid toast. The man who, thinking you are musical, bores you with his notions on the music of the future, of which you know as little as the music of the spheres. The man who wears a white hat in vinter, and smokes a pipe when walk-

ing, and accosts you as "old fellow just as you are hoping to make a good mpression on some well-dressed lady doctor faces him at table, turns the

talk so as to set him talking doctor's The man who, with a look of urgen business, when you are in a hurry,

takes you by the button-hole to tell you The man who, sitting just behind you at the opera, destroys half your enjoyment by humming all the airs.

The man who makes remarks on you personal adornment, asks you where you buy your waistcoats, and what you paid for your dress-boots. The man who lards his talk with 1 tle scraps of French and German after

his return from a continental tour. The man who spoils your pleasure seeing a new play by applauding in wrong places, and muttering in stage whispers his comments on the plot. And, to finish with, the man who draws back slightly to appreciate a

picture, cooly comes and stands in front of you, and then receding also, upon your toes, -Punch.